

The Taming of the Shrew

Scene 1: A Square in Padua (Enter Lucentio and Tranio.)

Lucentio: Ah, good servant, here we are in Padua at last. I can hardly wait to begin my studies. O, how I thirst for knowledge.

Tranio: Gentle master, I am glad that you wish to improve your mind, and glad I am that your father is wealthy enough to afford to send you here to Padua for that very purpose. But, good master, let us not forget that all work and no play doth make Jack a dullard. In brief, sir, you owe it to yourself to take some amusement.

Lucentio: Tranio, thou dost advise me well. Let's go and take a lodging fit to entertain such friends as time in Padua shall beget. (Enter Baptista with Katharine, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio.) But stay while, what company is this?

Tranio: Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Baptista: (To Gremio and Hortensio.)
Gentlemen, beg me no further, for I am firmly resolved not to allow my youngest daughter to be married before I have a husband for her elder sister. If either of you love Katharine, you have my permission to court her at your pleasure.

Gremio: No thanks! She's too rough for me. Hortensio, will you marry her?

Katharine: (To Baptista.)
Father, is it your will to make a fool of me amongst these fools?

Hortensio: Fools, maid, how mean you this? Not fools enough to marry you, unless you were much gentler than you are.

Katharine: In faith, sir, never fear. I'll never marry such as you. But slap your face I will, if you should but ask!

Hortensio: From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gremio: And me too, good Lord!

Tranio: (Aside to Lucentio.)
Master, here's some good pastime. The girl is stark mad
or just plain forward.

Lucentio: (Aside to Tranio.)
But her sister is very sweet tempered. Let's be quiet and
listen.

Tranio: (Aside to Lucentio.)
Well said, master.

Baptista: Gentlemen, I mean what I have said. Bianca, go in the
house, and let it not displease you, good Bianca, for I will
love you none the less, my girl.

Katharine: A fine thing!

Bianca: It's all right, dear father. My books will keep me
company.

Lucentio: (Aside to Tranio.)
Listen Tranio, doesn't she have a pretty voice?

Hortensio: Signor Baptista, surely you are jesting!

Gremio: Why will you sacrifice Bianca's happiness, Signor
Baptista, for this fiend of hell? Why make Bianca wait to
get married?

Baptista: I'm sorry gentlemen, my mind is made up. Go in, Bianca.
(Exit Bianca.) I know she likes music and poetry, so I will
get tutors to instruct her. If you, Hortensio, or Signor
Gremio, know any such tutors, send them to me and I
will pay them well to instruct mine own children in good
bringing-up. And so farewell. Katharine, you may stay
here, for I have more to say to Bianca.

(Baptista exits.)

Katharine: Why, I will go too!

(Katharine exits.)

Gremio: You are so bad tempered! No one will care! Well,
Hortensio, I guess we'll just have to wait. Farewell, yet

for the love I bear sweet Bianca, if I can find a man who will be her tutor, I will send him to her father.

Hortensio: So will I, Signor Gremio. But just a moment. Even though we are rivals for Bianca's love, there is one thing in which we should cooperate.

Gremio: What's that, I pray?

Hortensio: Why, sir, to get a husband for her sister Katharine, of course!

Gremio: A husband? A devil!

Hortensio: I say a husband.

Gremio: I say a devil. Hortensio, do you think, though her father is a very rich man, any man is so foolish as to be married to such a woman?

Hortensio: Tush, Gremio. Though it's beyond patience and mind to endure her screaming, there are good fellows in the world that would take her with all her faults because she is rich.

Gremio: I don't know. I had as soon be whipped every morning before breakfast.

Hortensio: As you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But by helping Baptista's eldest daughter get a husband we set his youngest free for a husband. Sweet Bianca! Then we can be rivals! Till then, let's join hands. All right?

Gremio: Agreed! And I will give the best horse in Padua to the man who'll woo her and wed her and rid the house of her. Come on!

(Exit Gremio and Hortensio.)

Tranio: I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible that love should of a sudden take such hold?

Lucentio: O Tranio, till now I never thought it possible or likely. But see, while I stood looking on I do confess to thee I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, if I cannot win this young modest girl. Advise me, Tranio, for I know you can. Help me, Tranio, for I know you will.

Tranio: Master, it is not time to scold you now, but you looked so longingly on the maid, perhaps you didn't notice . . .

Lucentio: O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face.

Tranio: Saw you no more? Marked you not how her sister began to scold and raise such a storm that mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Lucentio: Tranio, I saw her coral lips move, and with her sweet breath she did perfume the air. Everything sweet was all I saw in her.

Tranio: Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance. I pray awake, sir, if you love the maid, bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands. Her eldest sister is such a shrew, that till the father rid his hands of her, master, your love must wait. But the trouble is, she will not be annoyed with suitors.

Lucentio: Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father he is! But didn't you notice, he took some care to get her school masters to instruct her?

Tranio: Yes sir.

Lucentio: I have it, Tranio.

Tranio: Master, two minds with the same plot!

Lucentio: Tell me thine first.

Tranio: You will be the schoolmaster, and undertake the teaching of the maid. That's your device.

Lucentio: It is! Can I get away with it, do you think?

Tranio: Not possible. For who shall act your part and be in Padua here as Vincentio's son, keep house and ply his books, welcome his friends, visit his countrymen and banquet them?

Lucentio: Ah . . . ha! I'll tell you. We have not been seen anywhere, nor can we be distinguished by our faces for man or master. Then it follows thus. *You* shall be master in my place, keep house and servants, as I should. I will be some Florentine, some Neopolitan, or a man from Pisa.

'Tis hatched and shall be so. Tranio, undress. Take my colored hat and cloak.

(They change clothes.)

Tranio: Since it is your pleasure, sir, I must obey. I promised your father to be serviceable to his son, although I think it was in another sense. I am content to be Lucentio, because so well I love Lucentio.

Lucentio: Hurry! Let me pretend to be a teacher for that maid, Bianca, whose sudden sight hath thrilled my heart. Oh, one more thing . . . I want you to pretend to be another suitor for Bianca's hand. Don't ask me why, my reasons are both good and weighty.

Scene 2: In Front of Hortensio's House an Hour Later
(Enter Petruchio and Grumio.)

Petruchio: This is my good friend, Hortensio's house. Yes, I recognize it. Knock on the door.

Grumio: What, sir?

Petruchio: Pay attention! Knock on the door, I say!

Grumio: Which door, sir?

Petruchio: Why, Hortensio's door!

Grumio: Which door is that?

Petruchio: I'll show you, you fool!

(Wrings Grumio by the ear.)

Grumio: Help! Help! My master is mad!

Petruchio: Now knock when I bid, you villain.

(Enter Hortensio.)

Hortensio: How now, what's the matter? Why, it's my good friend, Petruchio.

Petruchio: Hortensio! How are you?

Hortensio: Petruchio! Tell me now, what happy wind blows you to Padua from old Verona?

Petruchio: Well, Hortensio, my father died recently and left me pretty well off, and so I decided that it was time I got married and settled down. But first, I have come abroad to see the world.

Hortensio: Well, I am glad to see you. You haven't changed a bit.

Grumio: No sir, he sure has not.

Petruchio: Be gone or else be quiet, I warn you! Hortensio, do you know of any marriageable women with large dowries? I've come to Padua to get a wealthy wife.

Hortensio: No, I don't . . . well . . . yes . . . I do know such a female, and I promise you she is rich, very rich. But you are too much my friend, and I'll not wish her on you.

Petruchio: Hortensio, between friends few words suffice, and therefore, if you know a woman rich enough to be Petruchio's wife, be she as ugly as sin, as old as Methuselah, I don't care. I'll marry her . . . *if* she's rich enough.

Grumio: 'Tis true, sir he tells you flatly what his mind is. Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a woman without a tooth in her head, it does not matter. Nothing matters to him but money!

Hortensio: Petruchio, I was only joking. I could help thee to a wife with wealth enough, and young and beauteous, brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman. Her only fault, and that is fault enough, is that she has a vile temper beyond all reason. Even if I were poor as a church mouse, I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Petruchio: Quiet, Hortensio! Thou knowest not gold's effect. Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough. For I will woo her though she howl as loud as thunder.

Hortensio: Her father is Baptista Minola, a pleasant and courteous gentleman. Her name is Katharine Minola, renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Petruchio: I know her father! And he knew my father well! I will not sleep, Hortensio, until I have met her, and therefore excuse me if I leave you, unless you will accompany me hither.

Hortensio: Oh no, Petruchio . . . I can't let you.

Grumio: I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. On my word, if she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. He's a match for any woman's temper! You know him not, sir.

Hortensio: But . . . O, all right. However, I must go with you, for I'm in love with Baptista's younger daughter Bianca, beautiful Bianca. And he withholds her from me and other suitors till Katharine the curst has got a husband.

Grumio: Katharine the curst! That's a title for a maid!

Hortensio: Now, my friend, will you do me a favor? I want you to introduce me disguised in sober robes to old Baptista as a music teacher. I'll instruct Bianca, that so I may by this device at least have leave and leisure to secretly court her.

Grumio: Here's knavery! See how the young folks put their head together to fool the old folks.

Petruchio: Very well! Make haste and disguise yourself!

(Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised as Cambio, a schoolmaster.)

Grumio: Master, master, look about you. What goes here?

Hortensio: Quiet, Grumio, it is the rival of my love. Petruchio, let's stand by awhile and listen.

Gremio: O very well, I have read the note. But listen, sir, I'll have you read no other love letters to her, you understand me? (Smells the note.) Ah, very well perfumed, but Bianca is sweeter than perfume itself. What will you teach her?

Lucentio: I assure you, whatever I read to her, I'll plead for you as my patron as firmly as you would yourself, and perhaps with more successful words than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gremio: O this learning . . . bah!

Grumio: (Aside.)
He's not very bright is he!

Petruchio: Quiet!

Hortensio: Sssh. Quiet! (Comes forward.) God save you, Signor Gremio.

Gremio: And you are well met, Signor Hortensio. Do you know where I am going? To Baptista Minola. I promised to look for a tutor for the fair Bianca, and by good fortune I have found this young man. He is well read in poetry and other books, good ones I'm sure.

Hortensio: Good! And I have met a fine musician to instruct fair Bianca, who is so beloved of me.

Gremio: Beloved of *me*, and that my deed shall prove!

Hortensio: Gremio, 'tis now no time to argue. Listen to me. I'll tell you wonderful news. Here is a gentleman whom I met by chance. He will undertake to woo curst Katharine! Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleases him.

Gremio: That's wonderful, if he'll do it. Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Petruchio: I know she is a shrew. If that is all, masters, I fear no harm.

Gremio: No, friend? Where are you from?

Petruchio: Born in Verona, old Antonio's son. My father dead, my fortune lives for me, and I do hope good days and long to see.

Gremio: O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange. But if you have a stomach for it, you shall have my assistance. But will you woo this wild cat?

Petruchio: Certainly! That's why I came here. Do you think a little din can daunt mine ears? Have I not in my time heard lions roar? Have I not heard the sea rage like an angry boar? Have I not heard heaven's artillery thunder in the skies? Have I not in a pitched battle heard neighing steeds and trumpet's clang? Screaming from a woman will not stop me. Tush, tush, sir!

Grumio: He fears nobody!

Hortensio: I promised we could split the cost of his wooing, no matter how costly.

Gremio: And so we will, provided he wins her.

Grumio: I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

(Enter Tranio dressed as Lucentio.)

Tranio: Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be so bold tell me, I beseech you, what is the shortest way to the house of Signor Baptista Minola?

Gremio: He that has two fair daughters, is that who you mean?

Tranio: Even he.

Gremio: Hark you, sir, you don't mean to see her, do you?

Tranio: Perhaps him and her, sir. What have you to do with it?

Petruchio: Oh sir, he means no harm.

Tranio: Well, I don't like busy bodies.

Lucentio: (Aside.)
Well begun, Tranio.

Hortensio: Sir, a word ere you go. Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tranio: And if I am, sir, what of it?

Gremio: Nothing! If without more words you will go.

Tranio: Why sir, I pray, are not the streets as free for me as for you?

Gremio: But *she* is not!

Tranio: For what reason, I beseech you.

Gremio: Because I'm going to marry her!

Hortensio: That's what he thinks! I'm the one she'll choose!

Tranio: Please, gentlemen! She may have a thousand suitors, then one more won't make any difference.

Hortensio: Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you, did you ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tranio: No, sir, but hear I do that he hath two . . . the one as famous for a scolding tongue as is the other for her beauty.

Petruchio: Sir, sir, the first one is for me. Let her go by.

Gremio: Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules!

Petruchio: Sir, the youngest daughter is kept from all access of suitors and her father will not allow her to be engaged until the older sister be wed, and not before.

Tranio: If it be so, sir, that you are the man that breaks the ice and marry the elder thus setting the younger free, we'll all be in your debt!

Hortensio: Sir, you say well, and since you do profess to be a suitor, you must as we do help us pay this gentleman's expenses.

Tranio: Agreed! Let us eat and drink as friends!

Grumio: An excellent idea! Fellows, let's be gone.

Hortensio: Petruchio, we shall be forever grateful!

Scene 3: A Room in Baptista's House That Afternoon

(Bianca's hands are tied together and she is pleading with Katharine.)

Bianca: Good sister, please unbind my hands!

Katharine: Tell me, of all thy suitors whom thou lovest best. Don't lie!

Bianca: Believe me, sister, I have not yet seen that special face which I could fancy more than any other.

Katharine: That's a lie! Is it not Hortensio you love best?

Bianca: If you're in love with him, sister, I swear I'll plead for you myself, and you shall have him.

Katharine: O then, perhaps you fancy riches more? You will choose Gremio to keep you fair.

Bianca: Is it for him you do envy me so? Nay, then you jest, and now I see you have but jested with me all this while. Please, sister, Kate, untie my hands.

Katharine: If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

(Katharine strikes Bianca. Enter Baptista.)

Baptista: Katharine! Stop! Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl she weeps. Go ply your needle, meddle not with her. For shame, you devilish spirit, why dost thou wrong her that never wronged thee? When did she ever cross thee with a bitter word?

Katharine: Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged!
(Attempts to strike Bianca.)

Baptista: (Holds Kate back.)
What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.
(Bianca exits.)

Katharine: So, you won't let me touch your precious Bianca? She is your favourite. The devil take Katharine the curst, but find a husband for sweet Bianca. I will go weep till I can find a chance for revenge.
(Katharine exits.)

Baptista: Was ever a gentleman thus grieved as I? But who comes here?
(Enter Gremio with Lucentio as a tutor, Petruchio with Hortensio as a tutor, and Tranio dressed as Lucentio.)

Gremio: Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.

Baptista: Good morrow, neighbor Gremio. God save you, gentlemen.

Petruchio: And you, sir, pray have you not a daughter called Katharine, fair and charming?

Baptista: I have a daughter, sir, called Katharine.

Gremio: You are too blunt. Be more tactful.

Petruchio: Sir, I have heard of her beauty, her friendliness, her bashfulness, and her mild behavior, and so I've been bold enough to come and see for myself, and for my welcome to your house, I present you with a teacher for your daughter. (Petruchio presents Hortensio.) He can teach her music and mathematics. Will you accept him, sir?

Baptista: You're welcome, sir, and he too is welcome. But for my daughter Katharine, this I know, she is not for you . . . more's the pity.

Petruchio: I see, you do not mean to part with her, or else you don't like my appearance.

Baptista: You mistake me, sir. What is your name?

Petruchio: Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son. A man well known throughout all of Italy.

Baptista: I knew him well. You are welcome for his sake.

Gremio: Please, Petruchio. I pray, let me get in a word. Goodness, you are forward.

Petruchio: Pardon me, Signor Gremio, but I want to get going.

Gremio: Neighbor, I also have a gift for you. I present unto you this young scholar. (Presents Lucentio.) He has been studying Greek, Latin, and other languages. His name is Cambio. Pray accept his service.

Baptista: A thousand thanks, Signor Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. (To Tranio.) But gentle sir, you're a stranger. May I be so bold as to know the cause of your coming?

Tranio: Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own that, being a stranger in this city, do make myself a suitor to your daughter Bianca, even though you have resolved to marry your eldest daughter first. All that I request is that I may be welcomed among the rest that woo Bianca and, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow this small packet of Greek and Latin books. Will you accept them?

Baptista: Lucentio is your name? From where I pray?

Tranio: From Pisa, sir, son to Vincentio.

Baptista: The richest man in Pisa by report. I know him well. You are very welcome, sir. (To Hortensio and Lucentio.) You take the lute, and you the set of books. You shall go see your pupils presently. Servant, lead these gentlemen to my two daughters, and tell them both these are their tutors. Bid them to use them well. (Exit servant with Hortensio and Lucentio.) We will walk a little in the orchard and then to dinner.

Petruchio: Signor Baptista, I am anxious to begin. It isn't every day I come to woo. You knew my father well, and he left me

sole heir to all his lands and goods. Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, what is her dowry?

Baptista: After my death, half of my lands and twenty thousand gold pieces.

Petruchio: And, for that dowry, I'll assure her, if she survive me, of all my lands and leases whatsoever. Let's draw up a contract between us.

Baptista: Ay, when you have won Katharine's love. For that comes first.

Petruchio: Why, that is nothing. For I tell you, father, I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Baptista: Well, my good wishes, but be prepared for some unhappy words.

Petruchio: Never fear.

(Enter Hortensio with a wounded head.)

Baptista: How now, my friend. Why do you look so pale?

Hortensio: If I look pale, it's because Katharine hit me!

Baptista: What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hortensio: I think she'll sooner prove a soldier. Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Baptista: Why, canst thou not break her to the lute?

Hortensio: No, for she has broke the lute to me. She struck me on the head with it, and there I stood amazed!

Petruchio: Now, by the world, there is a healthy wench. I love her ten times more than I did before. How I long to chat with her.

Baptista: Tutor, proceed in practice with my younger daughter. She's apt to learn and be thankful for good teaching. Signor Petruchio, will you come with me, or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Petruchio: Send her to me! (Exit all except Petruchio.) I'll woo her with some spirit when she comes. If she rails, why then I'll tell her she sings as sweetly as a nightingale. If she

frowns, I'll say she smiles. If she do bid me go out, I'll give her thanks as though she bid me stay by her a week. If she deny to wed, I'll set the wedding date. (Enter Katharine.) But here she comes! And now, Petruchio, speak! Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name I hear.

Katharine: Well, you heard wrong or you're hard of hearing. They call me Katharine who do talk of me.

Petruchio: You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate, and therefore Kate, I am moved to woo you for my wife.

Katharine: Moved? In good time. Let him that moved you hither remove you hence! I knew you at the first to be a moveable idiot!

Petruchio: Thank you for the pretty compliment. Now, come sit on my lap.

Katharine: Who! Me?

Petruchio: It's all right, Kate. You are not too heavy. You are young and light.

Katharine: Too light for such as you to catch, and yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Petruchio: Come, come you wasp. In faith, you are too angry.

Katharine: If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Petruchio: The way to handle a wasp is to give it a swat!

Katharine: You wouldn't dare! Get out!

Petruchio: What? So soon? Nay, come again. Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Katharine: We'll see about that!

(She slaps Petruchio.)

Petruchio: I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Katharine: If you strike me, you are no gentleman.

Petruchio: Nay come, Kate, come, you must not look so sour.

Katharine: It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Petruchio: Why here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.
Katharine: There is, there is!
Petruchio: Then show it to me!
Katherine: If I had a mirror, I would.
Petruchio: What, you mean my face?
Katharine: Well aimed of such a young one.
Petruchio: Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Katharine: Too young! Then why are you so wrinkled?
Petruchio: 'Tis with cares.
Katharine: I care not.
(Attempts to leave.)
Petruchio: O no, you don't.
(Petruchio grabs Katharine and they begin to wrestle.)
Katharine: Let me go!
Petruchio: Why? I find you very gentle. 'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen, and now I find that to be a lie. For you are pleasant, courteous, a bit slow in speech, but sweet as springtime flowers. You don't frown or bite the lip as angry girls do. You entertain me with gentle conduct. Why does the world report that Kate has a limp? O slanderous world, Kate like a hazel twig is straight and slender, and as brown in hue as hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels. O, let me see you walk. Why you don't limp!
Katharine: Go, fool!
Petruchio: Why you walk like a queen!
Katharine: Where did you study all this godly speech?
Petruchio: From my witty mother.
Katharine: A witty mother with a witless son.
Petruchio: Am I not wise?
Katharine: Too wise for your own good.

Petruchio: Katharine, let's get down to cases. In plain terms, your father has consented that you shall be my wife. Your dowry is agreed on and will you or not, I will marry you! Now, Kate, you have met your match for thy beauty makes me like you well. You must be married to no man but me, for I am he that's born to tame you, Kate, and bring you from a wild Kate to a gentle Kate. (Enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.) Here comes your father. I must and will have Katharine for my wife.

Baptista: Now, Signor Petruchio, how goes it?

Petruchio: How but well, sir? How but well? It's impossible I should miss.

Baptista: My daughter, Katharine, why so sad?

Katharine: Don't call me daughter. Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself? You have showed a tender fatherly regard to wish me wed to a lunatic and a ruffian that thinks with curses to bluff his way in.

Petruchio: Father, 'tis thus, yourself and all the world that talked of her had talked amiss of her. If she be curst, it be play acting, for she's not forward, but modest as the dove. And to conclude, we have agreed so well together, that Sunday shall be the wedding day.

Katharine: I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first!

Gremio: Hark, Petruchio, she says she'll see thee hanged first.

Tranio: Well, there goes our good fortune.

Petruchio: Be patient, gentlemen. I choose her for myself. If she and I be pleased, what's that to you? The bargain between us two is that she shall still act angry in company. I tell you, it's incredible to believe how much she loves me. O the kindest Kate! She hung about my neck and kissed me so much that in a twink she won me for her love. You should see how tame she is when we are alone. Give me your hand, Kate. I will unto Venice go to buy my wedding clothes. Provide the feast, father, and invite the guests. I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Baptista: I know not what to say, but give me your hands. God send you joy. Petruchio . . . 'tis a match!

Gremio and Tranio: Amen say we! We will be witnesses.

Petruchio: Father, and wife, and gentlemen, good-bye. I'm off to Venice. Sunday will come quickly. We will have rings and things and fine array, and kiss me Kate for we will be married on Sunday.

(Exits with Katharine.)

Gremio: Was ever a match made so quickly?

Baptista: I am dumbfounded!

Gremio: Now, Baptista, to your younger daughter. Now is the day we long have looked for. I am your friend and was suitor first.

Tranio: And I am the one that loves Bianca more than words can tell.

Gremio: You're too young for her!

Tranio: You're too old for her.

Baptista: Now I will decide this matter. He that can assure my daughter the greatest dower shall have my Bianca's love.

Tranio: He is old, I young.

Gremio: And may not young men die as well as old?

Baptista: Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolved. On Sunday, next you know my daughter Katharine is to be married. Now on Sunday following, Bianca shall be bride to one of you. And so I take my leave and thank you both.

Gremio: Good-bye.

Scene 4: Sunday at Baptista's House

(Enter all the wedding guests.)

Baptista: (To Tranio.)

This is the 'pointed day that Katharine and Petruchio should be married, and yet we hear not of our son-in-law. Where's the bridegroom? What say you to this shame of ours?

Katharine: No shame but mine! He wooed in haste and means to wed at leisure. I told you he was a fool. He'll woo as a husband, appoint the day of marriage, make feast, invite friends, and yet never means to get married at all. Now the world will point at me and say "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife . . . if it would please him come and marry her."

Tranio: Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista, too. Upon my life, Petruchio means well, Whatever holds him up, I know him to be honest.

Katharine: I wish I had never seen him!

(Exits weeping followed by Bianca.)

Baptista: Go, girl, I cannot blame thee for crying, for such an insult would vex a saint, much more a shrew of thy impatience.

(Enter servant, running.)

Servant: Master, master, old news! And such news as you never heard of?

Baptista: It is new and old, too! How may that be?

Servant: Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Baptista: When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tranio: But say, what about the old news?

Servant: Why Petruchio is coming in a new hat, and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, and riding an old broken down horse!

Tranio: O sir, be not angry. He often dresses in this fashion. It is a whim of his.

Baptista: I don't care how he's dressed, as long as he gets here.

Petruchio: (Offstage.)

Hey! Where is everybody? Isn't anybody at home?

(Enter Petruchio and Gremio.)

Baptista: You're welcome, sir.

Petruchio: And yet I come not well.

Tranio: Not as well dressed as I wish you were.

Petruchio: Were it not better I should rush in thus than come in no clothes? But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride? How are you, father? (Slaps Baptista very hard on the back.) What's the matter? Why is everybody staring at me?

Baptista: Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day. First we were sad fearing you would not come, now sadder that you came dressed like this. Fie! Shame on you! An eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tranio: And tell us what has detained you so long?

Petruchio: O, it's a long story and a sad one, but the important thing is that I'm here. I'll tell you later why I was delayed, and you shall be satisfied. But where is Kate? I stay too long from her. The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tranio: See not your bride in clothes such as these. Go to my chamber for new robes.

Petruchio: Not I! I'll see her like this.

Baptista: But I trust you will not marry her like that!

Petruchio: Why, sir, is she marrying me or my clothes? If I could change myself as easily as I can change these clothes, that would be worth talking about. But what a fool am I to chat with you when I should bid good morrow to my bride, and seal the title with a lovely kiss.

(Exit Petruchio and Grumio.)

Tranio: He's up to something. If possible, we will persuade him to put on better clothes before he goes to the church.

Baptista: Too late. He comes with Katharine!

(The wedding ceremony takes place making Petruchio and Katharine man and wife. The local friar performs the simple ceremony of blessing the couple.)

Petruchio: Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains. I know you expect to dine with me today and have prepared a great wedding feast, but my haste calls me home, and therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Baptista: Is it possible that you mean to leave now?

Petruchio: O, I must go before nightfall. I thank you all and so does my most patient, sweet, and gentle wife. Dine with my father-in-law, drink a health to me for I must go. Farewell to you all.

Tranio: Let me entreat you to stay till after dinner.

Petruchio: It may not be.

Gremio: Let me entreat you!

Petruchio: It cannot be.

Katharine: Let me entreat you.

Petruchio: I am content.

Katharine: Content to stay?

Petruchio: I am content that you should ask me to stay, but yet we will not stay.

Katharine: If you love me, stay!

Petruchio: Grumio, my horse.

Grumio: Ay, sir, they be ready, the oats have eaten the horses.

Katharine: Nay then, do as you wish. I will not go today, no, nor tomorrow . . . not till I please! The door is open, sir, there lies your way. You may go! For me, I'll not be gone till I please.

Baptista: Now, don't be angry, Kate!

Katharine: I will be angry! Father, be quiet! He shall stay till I'm ready.

Gremio: Ah-ha! Now it begins to work!

Katharine: Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner. I see a woman may be made a fool, if she had not the spirit to resist.

Petruchio: They shall go forward, Kate. Obey the bride, go to the feast, eat and drink full measure . . . be merry! But for my bonny Kate, she must go with me. Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret. I will be master of what is mine own. She is my wife. And here she stands, touch her

whoever dare. I'll fight whoever tries to stop me. Grumio, draw forth thy weapon, we are beset by thieves. Rescue your mistress if thou be a man! Fear not, sweet wife, they shall not touch you, Kate. I'll protect you, Kate . . . I'll protect you against a million!

(Exit Petruchio dragging Katharine, followed by Grumio.)

Gremio: If they had not gone quickly, I would have died laughing.

Tranio: Of all mad matches never was the like.

Lucentio: Bianca, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bianca: I think she's well matched.

Baptista: Friends, though we lack bride and bridegroom, let us celebrate with a feast. Lucentio, you shall take the bridegroom's place, and let Bianca take her sister's place.

Lucentio: Shall sweet Bianca practice how to be a bride?

Baptista: She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen!

Scene 5: Petruchio's House Late That Night

(Grumio enters.)

Grumio: Fie! Fie on all tired women, on all masters, and all foul way. Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm themselves. Hoooo! Curtis!

(Curtis enters.)

Curtis: Who is it that calls so coldly?

Grumio: A piece of ice. A fire, good Curtis.

Curtis: Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Curtis: Is she such a shrew as reported?

Grumio: She was, good Curtis, before this frost. But thou knowest winter tames man, woman, and beast. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I tell on you to our new mistress whose hand you'll soon feel for being slow!

Curtis: Please, Grumio, tell me how goes the world?

Grumio: A cold world, Curtis, and therefore fire. Do your duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curtis: There's fire ready, and therefore, good Grumio, the news!

Grumio: I have caught a cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house clean, cobwebs swept, the carpets laid, and everything in order?

Curtis: All ready, and therefore I pray thee, news!

Grumio: First, know my horse is tired, my master and mistress fallen out.

Curtis: How?

Grumio: Out of their saddles into the dirt, and thereby hangs a tale. Lend thine ear. Now I begin. We came down a steep hill, my master riding behind my mistress . . .

Curtis: Both on one horse?

Grumio: What's that to you? You tell the tale, and had you not interrupted me, you would have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse. You would have heard in how muddy a place she fell, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pull him off me, how he yelled at me, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, and many things which now you'll never know.

Curtis: By all this, he is more of a shrew than she!

Grumio: Ay, and that you'll find out when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be slickly combed. Are they all ready?

Curtis: They are.

Grumio: Call them forth.

Curtis: Do you hear? Ho!

(Enter all the servants.)

Nathaniel: Welcome home, Grumio.

Philip: How are you, Grumio?

Joseph: Grumio.

Nicholas: Fellow Grumio.

Grumio: Now, my lads, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nathaniel: All is ready. How near is our master?

Grumio: He's just outside by now. Silence, I hear him!

(Enter Petruchio and Katharine.)

Petruchio: Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door to hold my stirrup? Nor to take my horse? Where is Nathaniel? Where is Gregory, Philip?

All Servants: Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir!

Petruchio: Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir! You logger-headed knaves. What, no attendance, no regard, no duty? Where is the fool I sent before?

Grumio: Here sir, as foolish as I was before.

Petruchio: You peasant! Did I not tell you to meet me in the park and to bring along these rascal knaves with you? Go rascals, go! Fetch me my supper! (Exit servants.) Sit down, Kate! And welcome! Food! Food! Food! (Enter servants with food.) Hurry I say! Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry. (To servants.) Off with my boots, you rogues. You villains, hurry! You twisted my ankle . . . out you rogue. Take that! (Strikes Nathaniel.) Be merry, Kate! Some water here. What ho! Where's my spaniel? Find him! (Exit Philip. Enter Nicholas with water.) Shall I have some water? Where are my slippers? Water! (Knocks over water.) You spilled it! You villains! (Strikes Nicholas.)

Katharine: Patience I pray you, 'twas an accident.

Petruchio: You are a beetle-headed, flap-eared knave! Come, Kate, sit down. I know you must be hungry. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I? What is this, mutton?

Joseph: Yes sir.

Petruchio: Who brought it?

Joseph: I

Petruchio: It's burnt! Where is the rascal cook? How dare you villains bring it and serve it to me? You know I hate it. Take it back, cups, plates, and all! (Throws food at servants.) You fools! Why do you grumble? I'll tend to you later!

(Exit servants on the run.)

Katharine: I pray you, husband, be not so angry. The meat was good enough I think.

Petruchio: I tell you it was burnt and dried up. It makes me sick, and it's not good for you. It's better that both of us go hungry than feed with such over-roasted flesh. Be patient, tomorrow we'll eat and for tonight we'll fast. Come, I will show you your bedroom.

(Exit Katharine and Petruchio. Re-enter servants.)

Nathaniel: Did you ever see the like!

Nicholas: He's killing her with kindness.

(Enter Curtis.)

Grumio: Where is he?

Curtis: In her room making a sermon to her. He claims that she, poor soul, doesn't know how to stand, to look, to speak, and says she sits with a slump. Shh—ahh—away, away, for he is coming.

(Exit all servants. Enter Petruchio.)

Petruchio: Thus have I begun my campaign, and it is my hope to have it end successfully. She ate no meat today, nor shall she eat none. Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not. As with meat, some fault I'll find about the making of the bed, and here I'll fling the pillow, this way the coverlet, another way the sheets, and all the time I'll pretend that all is done for her sake. And in conclusion she shall stay awake all night. And if she chance to doze, I'll keep her awake with complaints about the work of the servants. This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.

I'll curb her bad temper, if it's the last thing I'll do. He that knows better how to tame a shrew, now let him speak. I'll gladly listen.

Scene 6: In Front of Baptista's House Two Days Later

(Enter Tranio as Lucentio and Hortensio as Licio.)

Tranio: Is it possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca doth fancy any other but Lucentio? I tell you sir, she loves me!

Hortensio: Sir, satisfy yourself in what I have said . . . stand by and listen. (Enter Bianca, and Lucentio as Cambio. They talk tenderly as they cross the stage and exit.) Now tell me, wasn't I right? Bianca loves none in the world so well as Cambio.

Tranio: O unconstant womankind! I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hortensio: Let me tell you the truth. I am not Licio, nor a musician as I seem to be. This is a disguise. I am called Hortensio.

Tranio: Signor Hortensio, I have often heard of you and of your affection for Bianca, and since I see she loves another, I will with you forget Bianca and her love forever.

Hortensio: See how they kiss! Signor Lucentio, here is my hand, and here I firmly vow never to woo her more, but to forget her.

Tranio: I take the same oath! I wouldn't marry her even if she would beg me to! Fie on her . . . see how she caresses him!

Hortensio: For me, I will be married to a wealthy widow who has long loved me. And so farewell, Signor Lucentio. Kindness in woman, not their beautiful looks, shall win my love, and so I take my leave.

(Exit Hortensio. Re-enter Lucentio and Bianca.)

Tranio: Mistress Bianca, Master Lucentio . . . good news! Hortensio has decided that he no longer wishes to marry you.

Bianca: Ha-ha! And what of you, Tranio?

Tranio: O mistress, you jest! But yes, I too have given up the chase.

Lucentio: Well done, good Tranio. Then we are rid of him.

Tranio: In faith, he is going to marry a rich widow now that shall be wooed and wedded in a day.

Bianca: God give him joy.

Tranio: Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bianca: So *he* says, Tranio.

Tranio: Why not? He has gone to the taming school.

Bianca: The taming school? What, is there such a place?

Tranio: Yes mistress, and Petruchio is the teacher that teaches how to tame a shrew and quiet her chattering tongue.

Bianca: This is unbelievable.

(All exit.)

Scene 7: Petruchio's House That Afternoon

(Katharine and Grumio enter.)

Katharine: Did he marry me to starve me? Beggars that come to my father's door get more to eat! But I, who never knew how to beg, nor never needed it, am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep. And that which spites me more than all these wants, he does it under the name of perfect love. Please go get me something to eat. I care not what it is, as long as it's food.

Grumio: What say you to a pig's feet?

Katharine: 'Tis passing good, please let me have it.

Grumio: I fear it will not agree with you. How say you to a fat tripe finely broiled?

Katharine: I like it well, good Grumio. Fetch me some.

Grumio: I cannot tell. I fear it's not fresh. What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Katharine: A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Grumio: Ay, but the mustard is a little too hot!

Katharine: Why then the beef, and forget the mustard.

Grumio: Nay then I will not. You shall have the mustard or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Katharine: Then both, or one, or anything.

Grumio: Why then, the mustard without the beef?

Katharine: Out of here, you villain! (Strikes him.) You're only tormenting me. The whole pack of you! You feed my appetite, but you won't feed me! Get out of here!

(Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.)

Petruchio: How fares my Kate? Aren't you feeling well?

Hortensio: Mistress, no cheer?

Katharine: I feel terrible!

Petruchio: Pluck up thy spirits. Look carefully upon me. Here, love, look what I've brought you. I prepared this meat myself. I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks. What, not a word? Nay then, you don't like it? Here take away this dish.

Katharine: No, please leave it.

Petruchio: The poorest service is repaid with thanks, and so shall mine before you touch the meat.

Katharine: I thank you, sir.

Petruchio: (Aside to Hortensio.)
Eat it up all, Hortensio, if you are a true friend. (To Katharine.) I hope it makes you feel better . . . Kate, eat! And now, my honey love, we will return to your father's house. We'll dress up and have a good time. We'll dress up with silken coats and caps and golden rings, with ruffs and cuffs, and farthingales and things. What, have you dined all ready? Good! The tailor is waiting to come in to show you a new dress I ordered. (Enter tailor.) Come tailor, let us see your ornaments. Lay forth the gown. (Enter haberdasher.) What's news with you, sir?

Haberdasher: Here is the cap your worship ordered.

Petruchio: Why, this was moulded on a midget's head. Fie! It is awful. Why 'tis a walnut shell, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap! Take it away. Let me have a bigger one.

Katharine: I'll have no bigger. This is in fashion and gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Petruchio: When you are gentle, you shall have one, too, and not till then.

Hortensio: (Aside.)
That will not be soon.

Katharine: Why, sir, I trust I may have permission to speak, and speak I will. I am no child, no babe. I'll speak my mind! And if you cannot stand it, best you stop your ears.

Petruchio: What thou sayest is true. It is a paltry cap, a bauble, a silken pie. I love thee well, but . . .

Katharine: Love me or love me not, I like the cap, and it I will have, or I will have none.

Petruchio: Thy gown? Why, yes, come tailor, let us see it. O mercy, what stuff is here? What's this? A sleeve? 'Tis like a cannon! What in the devil do you call this?

Hortensio: (Aside.)
I see she's likely to have neither cap nor gown.

Tailor: You bid me make it according to the fashion and the time.

Petruchio: So I did. But if you remember, I did not bid you mar it to the time. I'll not have it!

Katharine: I never saw a better fashioned gown. Why, it is beautiful. You mean to make a fool of me!

Petruchio: Why true, he means to make a fool of thee!

Tailor: She says your worship means to make a fool of her, not I.

Petruchio: O monstrous arrogance! You lie! Away with this rag! I tell you that you've ruined her gown.

Tailor: Your worship is deceived. The gown is made just as Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Grumio: I gave him no order. I gave him the stuff.

Tailor: But how did you desire it should be made?

Grumio: With a needle and thread!

Tailor: But did you not request to have it cut?

Petruchio: Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me!

Grumio: You are in the right, sir, 'tis for my mistress.

Petruchio: Go take it away. (Aside to Hortensio.) Hortensio, see that the tailor is paid. (To the tailor.) Go! Take it away! Be gone and say no more!

Hortensio: (Aside to tailor.)
Tailor, I'll pay you for the gown tomorrow. Take no unkindness of his hasty words. Don't worry. (Loudly.)
Away, I say!

(Exit tailor and haberdasher.)

Petruchio: Well, come, my Kate, we will go to your father's even in these honest plain clothes. Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor, for 'tis the mind that makes the body rich! If you're ashamed, you can say it's my fault, and therefore frolic. We will go at once to feast and sport us at your father's house. Go call my men and let us be off. Let's see, I think 'tis now about seven o'clock and we'll be there by dinner time.

Katharine: I assure you sir 'tis almost two and 'twill be supper time before we get there.

Petruchio: It will be seven, or I won't go! I will not go today, and before I do, it shall be what o'clock I say it is.

(Petruchio exits.)

Hortensio: So this is how one tames a shrew!

Scene 8: A Road Outside Padua Two Days Later

(Enter Tranio and Lucentio.)

Tranio: The old priest of St. Luke's Church is at your command at all hours.

Lucentio: And what of all this?

Tranio: Take Bianca to the church. I cannot tarry. I go to Saint Luke's to bid the priest be ready to marry you.

Lucentio: I will if she be so contented. And she will be pleased!

(Exit Tranio and Lucentio. Enter Petruchio, Katharine, Hortensio, and servants.)

Petruchio: Come, once more toward our father's. Good heavens, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Katharine: The moon? The sun! It is broad daylight.

Petruchio: I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Katharine: I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Petruchio: Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself, it shall be moon, or star or whatever I say before I journey to your father's house.

Hortensio: (Aside to Katharine.)
Say as he says, or we shall never go on!

Katharine: Forward, I pray, since we have come so far and I'll say it is moon or sun, or whatever you please. And if you please to call it candle, henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Petruchio: I say it is the moon.

Katharine: I know it is the moon.

Petruchio: Then you lie. It is the blessed sun.

Katharine: Then it is the blessed sun, but sun it is not when you say it is not. And the moon changes even as your mind. And so it shall be for Katharine.

Petruchio: Well, well! Forward, forward. Let us go! (Enter an old man.) But soft, company is coming here. (To old man.) Good morrow, my good woman. Where are you going? Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too, hast thou seen a fresher gentlewoman? Such pink cheeks! Such beauty! And those two eyes become that heavenly face. Fair lovely maid, once more good day to you. Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hortensio: (Aside.)
It will make the man angry to make a woman of him.

Katharine: Young, fresh, fair, and sweet girl. Happy the parents of so fair a child.

Petruchio: Why, how now Kate. I hope thou art not mad! This is a man, old, faded, wrinkled, withered, and not a girl as you say he is.

Katharine: Pardon, old man, my mistaking eyes that have been so bedazzled by the sun that everything I look on seemeth green. Pardon, I pray for my mistake.

Petruchio: Do, good old grandsire, and bid us good-bye.
(Exit Petruchio and Katharine. Old man scratches his head and exits.)

Hortensio: Well Petruchio, this has given me new courage. Marry that widow, and if she be temperamental, then you have taught Hortensio how to handler her.
(Hortensio exits.)

Scene 9: A Street in Padua Half an Hour Later
(Enter Lucentio, Tranio, and Bianca.)

Tranio: Yonder he is, and we are all undone.
(Enter Baptista.)

Lucentio: Pardon, sweet father.
(Lucentio kneels.)

Hortensio: "Father!" What do you mean, sir?

Bianca: Pardon, dear father.
(Bianca kneels.)

Baptista: What do you mean? How hast thou offended Lucentio?

Lucentio: He's not Lucentio. I am he, that have by marriage made thy daughter mine. This is my servant, Tranio.

Baptista: Tranio? Thy servant? You are not Cambio?

Bianca: Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Lucentio: Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love made me exchange places with Tranio. What Tranio did I forced him to, then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Baptista: Sir, your plainness and your honesty please me well, but what of her dower?

Lucentio: Dear sir, you know my father to be the wealthiest man in Pisa. I am his heir and only son. My wife and your daughter shall be the richest woman in all the land.

Baptista: How say you, Bianca, are you happy?

Bianca: O father, more than I can say.

Baptista: Then I am satisfied. The match is made and all is done.

(All exit. Enter Petruchio, Katharine, Grumio, and servants.)

Katharine: Wasn't that my father? Husband, let's follow.

Petruchio: First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Katharine: What! In the midst of the street?

Petruchio: What! Art thou ashamed of me?

Katharine: No sir, but ashamed to kiss in public.

Petruchio: Why then, let's go back home. Come, away.

Katharine: Nay, I will give thee a kiss. (Kisses him.) Now pray thee, love, stay.

Petruchio: Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate. Better once than never, for never too late.

(All exit.)

Scene 10: Lucentio's House That Evening

(Enter Baptista, Gremio, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharine, Hortensio, the widow, Grumio, Tranio, and servants.)

Lucentio: My fair Bianca, bid our father welcome. Brother Petruchio, sister Katharine, and thou Hortensio with thy

loving widow, feast with us, and welcome to my house.
My banquet is to close our stomachs up after our great
good cheer. Pray you sit down, for now we sit to chat as
well as eat.

(They all sit for the banquet.)

Petruchio: Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Baptista: Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Petruchio: Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hortensio: For both our sakes, I would that were true.

Petruchio: Well, well, now on my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Widow: Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Petruchio: You misunderstand me. I mean Hortensio is afraid of
you.

Widow: He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Katharine: Mistress, how mean you that? "He that is giddy thinks
the world turns round." I pray you tell me what you
meant by that.

Widow: Your husband being troubled by a shrew, measures my
husband's wife by his own. And now you know my
meaning.

Katharine: A very mean meaning.

Widow: Right. I mean you!

Katharine: And I am mean, indeed, respecting you!

(Katharine and the widow begin to fight.)

Petruchio: After her, Kate!

Hortensio: Get her, Widow!

Petruchio: A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hortensio: No, this is a time for merriment.

Petruchio: Spoken like a gentleman. Here's to thee, lad.

(Petruchio drinks to Hortensio. Katharine and the widow are still fighting.)

Baptista: Gremio, how do you like these witty folk?

Gremio: Believe me, sir, they are amusing.

Lucentio: A toast to my bride, Bianca.

(They all drink. Bianca separates the fighting pair.)

Bianca: Will you ladies accompany me?

(Exit Bianca, Katharine, and the widow.)

Baptista: Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio, I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Petruchio: Well, I say no. And therefore, for assurance, let's each one send for his wife, and he whose wife is most obedient, to come at first when he sends for her, shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hortensio: An excellent idea. What shall we bet?

Lucentio: Twenty crowns.

Petruchio: Twenty crowns? Why I'd bet that money on my dog, but twenty times as much upon my wife.

Lucentio: A hundred then.

Hortensio: Agreed.

Petruchio: A match, 'tis done.

Hortensio: Who shall begin?

Lucentio: I will. Go, Tranio, bid your mistress come to me.

Tranio: Yes sir.

(Tranio exits.)

Baptista: Son, I'll bet your half that Bianca comes.

Lucentio: I'll have no halves. I'll pay it all myself. (Enter Tranio.)
How now, what news?

Tranio: Sir, my mistress sends you word that she is busy, and cannot come.

Petruchio: How? She's busy and she cannot come? Is that an answer?

Hortensio: Sir, go and entreat my wife to come to me.

(Exit Tranio.)

Petruchio: Oh no! Entreat her! She then certainly will come.

Hortensio: I'm afraid, sir, do what you can, for *yours* will not be entreated. (Enter Tranio.) Now, where's my wife?

Tranio: She says you have some goodly jest in hand, she will not come. She bids you come to her.

Petruchio: Worse and worse, she will not come. O vile, intolerable, not to be endured. Grumio, go to your mistress and say I command her to come to me!

(Exit Grumio.)

Hortensio: I know her answer.

Petruchio: What?

Hortensio: She will not.

Petruchio: If so, then I lose the bet and that's the end of it.

(Enter Katharine.)

Baptista: Heavens above, here comes Katharine!

Katharine: What is it you will that you send for me?

Petruchio: Where is your sister, Bianca, and Hortensio's wife?

Katharine: They sit talking by the fire.

Petruchio: Go fetch them hither. If they refuse to come, force them to come. Away I say, and bring them here at once.

(Exit Katharine.)

Lucentio: Well, here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder!

Hortensio: And so it is. I wonder what it means.

Petruchio: It means peace and love and a quiet life, and to the point, a very happy marriage.

Baptista: The wager thou hast won Petruchio, and I will add twenty thousand crowns to thy winnings, for she is changed as she had never been!

Petruchio: Nay, I will win my wager better yet, and show more sign of her obedience . . . her new personality and obedience. (Enter Katharine with Bianca and the widow.) See here she comes and brings your less thoughtful wives. Katharine, that hat of yours becomes you not. Off with the bauble and throw it under foot.

(Katharine obeys.)

Widow: Goodness, let me never have a husband that silly!

Bianca: What a foolish duty this is!

Lucentio: I wish your duty were as foolish too. The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, has cost me a hundred crowns since supertime!

Bianca: The more fool you are for betting on my duty.

Petruchio: Katharine, tell these headstrong women what duty they owe their husbands.

Widow: Come, come now, you're joking! We will have no more telling.

Petruchio: Come, I say, and first begin with her.

Widow: She shall not!

Petruchio: I say she shall, and first begin with her!

Katharine: There, there, don't frown, it blots thy beauty. Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, thy head, thy sovereign, one that cares for thee and for thy maintenance, commits his body to painful work both by sea and land while thou liest warm at home, secure and safe. He craves no other reward but love, fair looks, and true obedience. Such duty a woman oweth to her husband. I am ashamed that women are so simple to offer war when they should kneel for peace. Ladies, place your hands in your husband's hand. My hand is ready to help him.

Petruchio: Now, that's a good wife! Come and kiss me, Kate!

Lucentio: I can hardly believe my eyes!

Petruchio: Come, Kate, say good night. We two are married, but you are enslaved. (To Lucentio.) 'Twas I who won the wager and you who lost the fight. And, being a winner, God give you a good night.

(Exit Petruchio and Katharine.)

Hortensio: Sleep well, Petruchio, for thou hast tamed a shrew.

Lucentio: And with your help, Petruchio, we'll tame our women too!